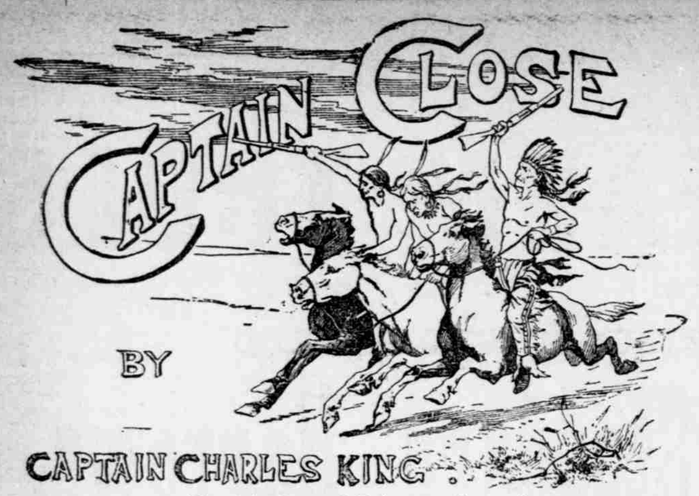

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I.

The conductor had eyed Lambert curiously as he punched his ticket. He held it for a moment and edged his lantern around so that its feeble light could reinforce the glimmer from the bleared and smoky globe above Lambert's curly head. The train had started from the junction with that quick series of back-wrenching jerks which all veteran travelers remember as characteristic of American railways, before the introduction of "coupler buffers." It was a shabby, old-fashioned train—one whose cars had "seen service," and not a little of it, during the long and eventful war so recently closed. It had a baggage car behind the wheezy old wood-burner that drew the rickety procession out into the dim, starlit aisle through the eastward forest, and, for the first time in a week, that baggage car contained a trunk. It had a "smoker," in which three or four negroes were soundly sleeping on the worn cushions at the forward end, and three or four lank, shabbily-dressed whites were consuming tobacco and killing time under the single lamp at the other. It had a "ladies' car"—so called—in which no ladies were visible, and which differed in appointments from the smoker only in the facts that its seats were upholstered in dingy red plush instead of blackened canvas, and that both its lamps could be induced to burn, however feebly, instead of only one. It was a forlorn, hangdog, shame-faced sort of train, that seemed oppressed with a sense of its own disrepute—a train that kept in hiding during the broad light of day and ventured to slink forth only after nightfall, like some impoverished debtor, not loving the darkness better than light because of evil deeds, but hating it as it hated its own shabbiness, and accepting it as only one plane above total decrepitude, the junk shop and the poorhouse. Starting at dusk from a populous station on a north and south "trunk" line, it turned and twisted through red clay cuttings, jolted over mud-covered ties and moss-grown trestles, whistling shrill to wake the watchers at 'ercss-country stations on the way, and finally, after midnight, rested an hour at a prominent point, a "state center," where, sometimes at one o'clock but generally long after, the night express came glaring up from the south along the glistening rails of another "great northern" route, and three nights in the week, perhaps, gave it a sleepy passenger or two to trundle away westward towards the big river town it managed to reach by sunrise, once more to slink out of sight until dark, when again it crept forth and stole away on the return trip over its clanking road, unresentful of comment on its loneliness and poverty, and proud, if anything, of the fact that this way, at least, it ran "right end foremost," according to the American idea, with the baggage instead of the ladies' car next the struggling engine.

It was a clear, starlit night, sharply cold, and the planks of the platform at the junction had snapped and creaked under their glistening white coat of frosty rime. The up train came in even later than usual—so much so that the stationmaster had more than once asked his friend the conductor of the waiting "Owl" whether he really thought he could "make it" over to Quitman in time for the down express at dawn. "You'd better pull out the minute she gits hyuh," was his final injunction when at last her whistle was heard.

A lithe, active young fellow in a trim suit of tweed had sprung from the sleeper before the incoming train had fairly stopped, and, hailing the first man he saw, asked: "Train for Tugaloo gone yet?" which so astonished the party addressed that he simply stared for a minute without reply. A voice in the wilderness, apparently, was heard above the hissing of steam and the loud mouthings of the negro porters of the two rival hotels. "All aboard for Quitman," it said, and, abandoning his apparent purpose of repeating the question in sharper tone, the young fellow turned and ran nimbly across the dimly-lighted platform in the direction of the hail.

"Quitman train?—Tugaloo?" he asked of a dark form standing above the tail light of the car.

"Quitman it is. Anybody else thar?" And the interrogative went off in a shout. No answer.

"Aw, Hank! Anybody else?" Still no answer. Two or three dim figures were by this time clustered around the flaring torch of a coffee stand at the edge of the platform. The conductor got off and walked impatiently towards them.

"Any you gentlemen for Quitman?" he asked.

"Quitman? Hell, no! What's any man want to go thar for night like this? Pull out with your old sneezer, Jimmy, 'nless you'll stop and take a cup coffee."

"Oh, that you, cap? Ain't you got anybody for us? Thought the judge was comin' up to-night."

"Warn't on my car," said the brakeman of the express, possessively. "Young feller 'n the sleeper all I know of."

"Got him," answered the conductor, as briefly as possible for a man long attuned to the southern drawl and whose "got" was more like "gawt." "Reckon we might as well git, then," he continued, returning to the colloquial present indicative of a verb of manifold meaning and usefulness. "Tell Hank, will you?—Let 'er go, Jack," he shouted to the engineer, with a wave of his lantern. A yelp from the whistle was the answer; the fireman crawled out from a warm corner in the baggage car and shambled drowsily forward to the cab. Sudden jets of steam flew hissing out on the frosty air. One after another the three cars lunged sharply forward and then slowly rolled forth into the night. The conductor clambered up the rear steps with parting wave of his lantern, slammed the door after him and came up the narrow aisle to look at his passenger. Before he had time to speak, however, his attention was attracted by a succession of yells from the track to their rear. Giving an angry yank at the bell rope he whirled about and hurried to the door. The train came willingly to a sudden stand, and Lambert, stowing his hand luggage on the empty seat before him, heard the following lively colloquy, as did everybody else who happened to be awake and within a radius of 200 yards:

"What d'you want?"

"Come back hyuh, I say."

"What d'you wa-a-nt? I ain't goin' to back in thar now."

"Huyh's a trunk."

"Wha-at?"

"A tru-u-nk."

"Why in hell didn't you sling it abawd fihst off?" sung out the conductor, disgustedly. "Ain't you fellahs got any brains? Back up, Jack!" he shouted forward, signaling with his lantern again. "Somebody's left a band-bawx, by criminy!" And so, growling volubly, the custodian of the "Owl" swung himself out from the steps, hanging by the left hand to the iron railing and holding extended his green and white lantern with the other. A couple of stalwart negroes came panting forward to meet them, the offending trunk on their shoulders, and went stumbling up the sloping embankment towards the slowly-backing baggage car. The light from the lantern fell on the new canvas cover and on the fresh brown finish of the straps and handles, then on the inscription in bold black letters at the end:

I. N. LAMBERT,
U. S. Army.

At sight of which the conductor checked the half jocular, half resentful tirade he was composing for the benefit of the stationmaster and abruptly asked:

"Whuh's it goin'?"

"Tugaloo, suh," said the rearmost negro.

"Well, hump it abawd, 'n' be quick about it." Then, raising his voice, he shouted across the platform: "Shuah you ain't gawt a feedin'-bawtle or a cake o' soap or s'm' other truck to fetch me back again, Hank? Dawg gawn 'f I reckon we ever will get to Quitman 't this rate!"

The darkies about the coffee-stand gave a guffaw of sympathetic rejoicing over the official's humor. The conductor was evidently more popular than the station master. One of the trunk bearers came lunging in at the front door of the car, and, humble yet confident, appealed to Lambert:

"Little somethin', suh, fur totin' de trunk. Bin los', mos' like, 'f it had n' bin f'r us. Thanky, suh. Thanky." And the negro's eyes danced, for the douceur handed him by the young owner of the vagrant baggage exceeded his hopes. He strove, indeed, to turn and renew his thanks at the rear door, but was collared and hustled unceremoniously off the car.

"You ain't goin' to get off at Tugaloo this time o' night?" asked the conductor, finally, and with that odd emphasis expressive of doubt as to a passenger's knowledge of his own intentions so often heard in our thinly-settled districts. Lambert interpreted it to mean "Anybody else, perhaps, but not you." He was already cogitating as to whether or not the conductor had intended some covert sneer in his recent reference to "feeding-bottles," for Lambert was but one-and-twenty, and youthful-looking for his years. The tone of this inquiry and the look which accompanied it after deliberate pause and study of the proffered ticket, however, were far from aggressive or discourteous, yet the unintentional misplacing of the emphasis, following an allusion equally hapless and alike unintentional, had given umbrage to the boy. "You must expect to hear no end of unpleasant things," he had been told at department headquarters, where he had received orders to go on and join his company, then in camp at Tugaloo. "Every body is mighty sore yet over the late unpleasantness. Hold your tongue and keep your temper," were the parting injunctions; and he meant to do both. All the same he did not intend to allow people to treat him with discourtesy—certainly not a conductor of a public railway. Lambert was on his dignity in a moment. He looked the railway man straight in the eye and replied, with all the calm and deliberation he could master: "My ticket would seem to indicate that such was my intention," and almost immediately regretted it, for the conductor looked up in sudden surprise, stood one instant irresolute, then saying: "Oh! All right," turned abruptly away, walked up beyond the stove, and roughly shaking the elbow of a snoring passenger, sung out: "Coatesville," and let himself out with an emphatic bang of the door.

Two days later, when asked at Quitman what sort of a fellow the new lieutenant seemed to be, Mr. Scroggs, the conductor, himself a soldier of large experience and no little ability—a man who had fought his way from the ranks to the command of the remnant of a regiment that laid down its battered arms among the very last, a man not five years Lambert's senior in age, but lustrums ahead of him in the practical details of his profession—Mr. Scroggs, the conductor, promptly said: "He's a dam little fool," and never dreamed how much he should one day deplore it.

"Newt" Lambert, as he was known among his intimates, was far from being a fool. He had seen very little of the world, it is true, and, until this December night, next to nothing of the sunny south, where at this particular period in our national history it was not every man who could so conduct himself as not to fall into error. More especially in the military service was an old head needed on young shoulders, and a strong head between new shoulder-straps, for army life so soon after the great war was beset by snares and temptations it rarely bears of now, and many a fellow, brave and brainy both, in the days that tried men's souls 'twixt Big Bethel and Appomattox, or Belmont and Bentonville, went down in the unequal tussle with foe far more insidious than faced him in the field, but which met him day and night now that peace had come. It was at a time when the classes graduating from the military academy were being assigned mainly to the staff corps and to the artillery and cavalry regiments. Lambert fancied that he should prefer the associations and much prefer the stations of the artillery to those of any other corps, but an old friend of his father's, himself a veteran gunner, advised the young fellow to seek his fortune elsewhere. "If you are commissioned a lieutenant of artillery," said he, "it may be 20 years before you see your captaincy." And, though this was within three years after the reorganization of the army in '66, not one of Lambert's contemporaries who trusted to luck and applied for the artillery had yet come within hopeful range of the double bars.

"You ain't goin' to get off at Tugaloo this time o' night?"

Lambert amazed them all when he asked for the infantry arm and took his commission thankfully.

He had been detailed for summer duty at the Point, as was then a custom, so that his leave of absence of three months did not begin until the 28th of August. He had been assigned to a regiment whose ranks were sadly depleted by the yellow fever, and which was still serving in the south. "You won't have to hoof it out to Idaho or Montana, anyhow," said a sympathetic friend, "and you'll have no end of fun at New Orleans."

But Lambert's company was not at New Orleans. Under recent orders it had been sent up into the heart of the country, where some turbulent spirits, so it was alleged, had been defying the civil officers of the general government, and by the time the short southern winter set in more than half his regiment, together with three or four others, had been distributed by companies or detachments all over the gulf states, and experienced officers were scarce as hens' teeth. The duty was unwelcome and galling. Lambert's captain lost no time in getting on staff duty, and G Company went into camp at Tugaloo under command of its first lieutenant. Arriving at New Orleans, Lambert reported himself at the headquarters of the general commanding, who knew the boy's father, welcomed the son for old friendship's sake, and told his chief of staff to keep him there a week or so, that he might see something of the southern metropolis and of his friends down at the barracks before going to his exile "up the road." Dining the very next evening at Capt. Cram's, with Waring and Pierce, of the light battery, and perhaps rather ruefully agreeing with them that he had "made a beastly fluke of it, going into the doughboys," Lambert was asked: "Who's in command of your company now?"

"Our first lieutenant," said he. "I don't know much about him—Brevet Capt. Close."

Whereupon Waring laid down his knife and fork. "Angels and ministers of grace!" he exclaimed. "Well, if that isn't the oddest contre-temps I ever heard of!" And then they all began to laugh.

"You evidently know him," said Lambert, somewhat nettled and a trifle ill at ease. "Why did you ask me about him? Somebody told me he had been commissioned for heroism—special bravery in action, or something of that kind—during the war."

"Gospel truth," said Pierce. "Close is the most absolutely fearless man I ever met. Nothing ever Waring could ever do or say would ruffle him." And then, though Mrs. Cram declared it a shame, she, too, joined in the general laughter. Close was evidently a celebrity.

And now, as Lambert found himself within a few miles—though it might be several hours—of his destination, he was thinking not a little of the officer to whose presence he was so soon to report his own, and whose companionship and influence, for good or for ill, he was bound to accept for the simple reason that, so far as he could learn, there was absolutely no one else with whom he could associate—except, possibly, the "contract doctor."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HE CONVINCED THEM.

The Doctor Was No Singer and He Proved It.

Some time ago a number of choice spirits were enjoying a little supper in a certain northern town.

When the cloth had been removed, and the usual toasts honored, some one suggested a song. The efforts of the first gentleman who volunteered to oblige the company met with such a hearty reception that others were induced to sing.

In the end, it was discovered that everyone had contributed to the evening's enjoyment with the exception of the medical gentleman who occupied the vice chair.

"Come, come, Dr. X——," said the chairman, "we cannot allow you to escape."

The doctor protested that he could not sing.

"As a matter of fact," he explained, "my voice is altogether unmusical, and resembles the sound caused by the act of rubbing a brick along the panels of a door."

The company laughed and attributed this to the doctor's modesty. Good singers, he was reminded, always needed a lot of pressing.

"Very well, gentlemen," said the doctor, rising to his feet; "if you can stand it I will sing."

Long before he had finished his audience was uneasy. The unwilling singer had faithfully described his voice.

There was a painful silence as the doctor sat down, broken at length by the voice of a braw Scot at the far end of the table.

"Man," he exclaimed, "your singin's no up to much, but your veracity's just awful! Ye're richt aboot that brick!"
—London Tit-Bits.

GREAT OPPORTUNITY.

A Case of Confession That Had Its Compensation.

One disadvantage of too "goody" books for children is that even the enthusiastic reader is prone to mistake the moral. Mrs. Stanley, the mother of Dean Stanley, wrote a friend, while Arthur was a very little boy, that he was reading Miss Edgeworth's "Frank" with the greatest eagerness. Yet his moral deductions therefrom did not seem to be altogether sound.

One day, as his mother was dressing, she heard him playing with the other children in the passage outside. Suddenly there came a great crash, which turned out to be from Arthur's running very fast, not stopping himself in time, and falling against a window so as to break three panes. He was not hurt, but one of the children remonstrating with him on the crime of breaking windows, to which he answered, with great composure:

"Yes, but you know Frank's mother said she would rather have all the windows in the house broken than that Frank should tell a lie. So now I can go and tell mamma, and then I shall be like Frank!"

When the children entered the room after dinner, according to custom, Arthur came first, his cheeks bright red and his manner full of excitement.

"Mamma," he cried, as soon as the door opened, "I have broken three panes of glass in the passage window, and I tell you 'cause I was afraid I'd forget!"

His mother says it was very evident that he gloried in the opportunity for dramatic confession, but nevertheless, she owns, it is always something of an effort to "tell," and one need not regret that the humiliation has some natural reward.—Youth's Companion.

Force of Habit

"I trust you will pardon me, Brother Puncher," began Rev. Mr. Longnecker, mildly addressing the reformed 'bus conductor, who had lately become a member of his flock, "if I say a few words to you in an admonitory way."

"Certainly, Brother Longnecker," was the brisk reply; "the sooner I am told of my shortcomings, the better."

"The—er—ah? fault I have to find, Brother Puncher, is but a slight one, but, brother, we feel you were just a trifle too zealous in putting a stranger out for not contributing to the collection. Salvation is free, you know, and—"

"That's right enough! But I'll tell you that the man who rides with me has to pay his fare. If not, off he goes. Business is business."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Carte Blanche.

"This—"

The man with five aces in his hand was doubtful of the propriety of opening the pot therewith.

"—is—"

He finally decided that it would be dangerous, and declined to bust it.

"—passing strange!"

But somebody else opening he threw one of the aces away, and drawing a nine spot bet his boots and stockings.—N. Y. Truth.

MINOT'S LEDGE LIGHTHOUSE.

The First One Was Swept Away with Its Occupants.

The first lighthouse on Minot's Ledge was built in 1848. It was an octagonal tower resting on the tops of eight wrought-iron piles eight inches in diameter and 60 feet high, with their bases sunk five feet in the rock. These piles were braced together in many ways; and, as they offered less surface to the waves than a solid structure, this lighthouse was considered by all authorities upon the subject to be exceptionally strong.

Its great test came in April, 1851. On the 14th of that month, two keepers being in the lighthouse, an easterly gale set in, steadily increasing in force. People on shore, and no doubt the keepers themselves, watched the heavy seas sweep harmlessly through the network of piles beneath the house, and feared no harm. On the 15th, however, the wind and sea had greatly increased, and the waves were flung higher and higher toward that tower in the air. Yet, all thought they surely could not reach 60 feet above the ledge!

That night was one of keen anxiety, for the gale still increased; and all through that dreadful driving storm and darkness the faithful keepers were at their posts, for the light burned brightly. On Wednesday, the 16th, the gale had become a hurricane; and when at times the tower could be seen through the mists and seadrift it seemed to bend to the shock of the waves. At four o'clock that afternoon an ominous proof of the fury of the waves on Minot's Ledge reached the shore—a platform which had been built between the piles only seven feet below the floor of the keeper's room. The raging seas, then, were leaping 50 feet in the air. Would they reach ten feet higher?—for if so the house and the keepers were doomed. Nevertheless, when darkness set in the light shone out as brilliantly as ever; but the gale seemed, if possible, then to increase. What agony those two men must have suffered! How that dreadful abode must have swayed in the irresistible hurricane, and trembled at each crashing sea! The poor unfortunates must have known that if those seas, leaping always higher and higher, ever reached their house, it would be flung down into the ocean, and they would be buried with it beneath the waves.

To those hopeless, terrified watchers the entombing sea came at last. At one o'clock in the morning the lighthouse bell was heard by those on shore to give a mournful clang, and the light was extinguished. It was the funeral knell of two patient heroes.

Next day there remained on the rock only eight jagged iron stumps.—St. Nicholas.

RANSOM OF INCAS.

Fabulous Wealth Securely Hidden in the Peruvian Mountains.

Adventurers who seek mere gold without reference to art should turn to Peru. To begin with, the remainder of the incas' ransom is buried somewhere in the mountains between Caxamarca and Cuzco. We may confidently assume that it has not been discovered, for if put into circulation at home the money market would have been convulsed, whereas the finders would have no reason for keeping the secret had they got safely away to Europe.

As for the evidence of deposit, there is Pizarro's official report that his comrades would not wait until the celebrated room was full. They were too impatient to murder their captives, though they knew that the bullion levied upon the temple at Cuzco was on its way, transported by 100,000 llamas, each carrying 100 pounds of purest gold. The figure is not incredible, seeing how much remained when the conquistadores sacked Cuzco. News of the murder reached that precious caravan in the mountains. Forthwith the priests buried their gold and returned. Everyone concerned with the expedition who could be identified was tortured to death, but none would speak. Such is the contemporary account.

But we observe that Sir Clements Markham, president of the Royal Geographical society, obtained some information during his memorable expedition to Peru. He states, as if it were well known in the neighborhood, that the caravan left the highway at a spot called Azanjaro—a name which people derive from the Indian "asuan caran," meaning "more distant." "Away from the road!" cried the priests. "Farther away!" One always feels the strongest reluctance to accept derivations of a place name from a spoken word. But it is not impossible nor improbable that in the course of centuries some hint of a secret which must be known to many Indians should have leaked out. This clew does not carry one far, however, among the peaks and caverns of the Andes, even if it be trustworthy.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Plunder of Spaniards.

In his new history of the British navy M. Oppenheim declares that the plunder during Queen Elizabeth's reign was not so great as is supposed. He says: "So far as pecuniary receipts were concerned, there were only two really great captures during the queen's reign. Her share of the St. Philip, taken by Drake in 1587, was £46,572; Drake's own, £18,225; the lord admiral's, £4,338, and private adventurers', £44,487. A still richer haul was made in the Madre de Dios, taken in 1592, which, by the account of her purser, carried 5,500 quintals of pepper, 900 of cloves, 700 of cinnamon, 500 of cochineal and 450 of other merchandise, besides amber, musk and precious stones to the value of 400,000 crusados, and some especially fine diamonds."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Exasperating.

Jack—It must be pretty tough to have a highwayman order you to stand, eh?

Harry—I suppose so; but, heavens, it's nothing to having a policeman tell you to move on!—N. Y. Truth.

HUMOROUS.

—Young Playwright—"And what did you think of my climax?" Critic—"It was very welcome."—Brooklyn Life.

—"I saw a man to-day who had no hands play the piano." "That's nothing! We've got a girl down in our flat who has no voice and who sings!"—Yonkers Statesman.

—"Pa, who was Shylock?" "Great goodness, boy! You attend church and Sunday school every week, and don't know who Shylock was?" cried his father. "Go and read your Bible, sir."—Tit-Bits.

—"I don't like the way her hat is trimmed," said the woman at the theater. "No," replied her husband, who was immediately behind the headwear. "It was a great mistake not to trim it carefully across the top with a pair of scissors."—Washington Star.

—A Possible Assistance.—"Willie is a remarkable boy," said the lad's mother to the eminent musician. "He remembers every tune he hears." "Indeed!" "Isn't that a valuable faculty?" "Well—it may enable him to become a successful composer."—Washington Star.

—How the Mix Up Began.—"It was thisaway, jedge. Ye see, I doled de cards, and Jim Brown he had a pair of aces and a pah o' kings." "What did you have?" "Three aces, jedge, and—" "What did Jim do?" "Jim, he drew." "What did he draw?" "He drew a razzer, jedge!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

—The new arrival joined the crowd. "May I ask what is going on?" he inquired of a native. "You may. We're hangin' a feller for stealin' a wheel." "But don't you think that's a pretty tough punishment for a rather simple crime?" "Simple crime! Why, good Lord, stranger, it was a '97 model."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

FREAKS OF LONDON SOCIETY.

Streaks of Stinginess Prompt Prominent Persons to Do Queer Acts.

No matter what wealth they may possess; no matter how great their natural generosity, there is in all rich people one point where a touch of stinginess lies, and in many cases it takes the most ridiculous freaks. Then again there are others who are the strangest mass of contrariety, as the following instances and anecdotes will show. A certain wealthy woman, who throws a quart bottle of eau de cologne into her bath of a morning, sends in next door for the loan of a newspaper. Another who pays a thousand a year rent will, if anything is wrong with the carriage horses, walk in her most elaborate frock in hail, wind and storm rather than pay a shilling for a hansom or even a penny in a 'bus. A lady who gives the most recherche suppers in Park lane, and whose stationary is noted for its beauty and price, sends the footman round in the dark to drop invitations in her friends' letter boxes because she won't spend the postage. The youthful heir to a title and £20,000 a year delights to steal into a dingy fried fish shop and there discuss with the usual habitues twopenny worth of the fare. A pretty debutante, the daughter of a countess, steals off her friends' tables all the sweets she can lay her hands on and next day distributes them among poor children. A certain foreign princess has been a barmaid, a waitress and an attendant in one of the theaters, and tells her intimates that she was never so happy as when indulging these freaks. One of the most popular hosts, who is constantly seen with royalty, keeps a little King Charles dog, to which he is devoted, shut up perpetually because he won't pay the license.

A man who drinks two big bottles of champagne before dinner, smokes the cheapest tobacco in London and was never known to offer a friend a cigar. A well-known young and beautiful countess is never so happy as when over a washing tub and is constantly to be found in this position in her own laundry. A famous Q. C., who may often be seen in the vicinity of the law courts in a sable-lined coat worth £1,000, delights in buying roast potatoes in the street and eats them walking down an alley. These are but a few of the peculiarities of some conspicuous figures in London society.—Chicago Chronicle.

Queer Things About Fishes.

Mr. A. E. Verrill describes the ways in which fishes sleep. They are very light sleepers, and frequently assuming singular positions; but the most remarkable thing is the change of color many of them undergo while asleep. Usually their spots and stripes become darker and more distinct when they fall asleep. Occasionally the pattern of their coloration is entirely changed. The ordinary porgy, for instance, presents in the daytime beautiful iridescent hues playing over its silvery sides, but at night, on falling asleep, it takes on a dull bronze tint, and six conspicuous black bands make their appearance on its sides. If it is suddenly awakened by the turning up of the gas in the aquarium it immediately resumes the silvery color that it shows by daylight. Mr. Verrill ascribes these changes to the principle of "protective coloration," and points out that the appearance of black bands, and the deepening of the spots, serve to conceal the fish from their enemies when lying amid eelgrass and sea-weeds.—Youth's Companion.

As Good as Married.

First Sailor—No, Bill, yer don't really know what life is till yer git spliced.

Second Sailor—W'y, shiver me timbers, messmate! I've never been married, true, but I've had yaller fever and cholera, I've been frostbit, drowned, burned alive, eat by a shark, blowed up at sea and operated on for cancer. Wot more does a reasonable chap want?—London Answers.

Bolting It.

Mother—Johnny, how often have I told you that you must not bolt your food?

Johnny—Guess 't isn't no worse to bolt my food than it is for you to turn the key on it when it's in the cupboard.—Boston Transcript.